

# NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN ANNEXED TO THE UNITED STATES



A prosperous Hebrew merchant about to enter his place of business at 4 Mott street.

## Its Inhabitants Americanized or Removed to Newark, N. J.—The Cessation of Gambling One Chief Cause of the Change

JIM GUM, fat and 50, who has seen the streets of New York's Chinatown white under the snows of sixteen winters, stood on the curb of Mott street before the home of the On Leong Tong contemplating a landscape of desolation under a leaden sky of the seventeenth. His melancholy glance was fixed on a store diagonally opposite, which was kept by Schmiltowitz & Nathanson, one learned from the sign-board, in order that the public might not lack "Novelties, Peanut Roasters and Roofing." Slowly the Chinaman's inscrutable gaze swept up Mott street, hesitating as it passed two Italian barber shops and half a dozen stores whose shrouded windows and general appearance spoke of emptiness and desertion.

A sturdy boy of Sicilian descent hastening after a baseball that rolled down the gutter lurched against the dreaming Celestial.

"Hey, Chink, watch out where yer standin', yer fat body," cried the youngster as he turned after the ball.

With dignity almost pathetic the big Mongolian drew back into the entrance to the On Leong's headquarters.

"Chinaman go, Chinatown no more good, belly sad. Sam Jim Gum go too." "What's the matter, Jim? Why your people all go?" questioned a bystander who had overheard Gum's mumbled complaint.

"Chinatown v'v'ly good now, too damn good; Chinaman no like. V'v'ly strong peace now, no more fight. They come over here," this with a wave of the hand toward Pell street, formerly reserved for the Hip Sings and Four Brothers, rivals of the On Leong, "we go over dere. V'v'ly fine. But no more gamble—Chinaman no like. Melican

man mus' drink whiskey. Chinaman mus' gamble. No like without, so go away—Boston, Philadelphia, Newark [Newark]. See?"

What Jim Gum, secretary of the On Leong, suave, dignified and wise in the ways of his people, was willing to admit then had been apparent to unprejudiced observers months earlier. Chinatown, that triangle of tenements, musty stores and restaurants resplendent in gold and red flagstone, bounded by Pell and Mott streets and Chatham Square, is rapidly vanishing. Not the riotous tenements and ramshackle stores, which will probably be spared by building inspectors to house generations yet unborn, but Chinatown in essence—the atmosphere of mystery, exotic and esoteric, that pervades the place, the Chinatown of opium dens, tong fights and joss houses that nightly attracts nervous sightseers in high-collared buses who pay well for the gooseflesh they get, this Chinatown and the shuffling, felt-slipped Oriental that made it already almost a thing of the past.

Chinatown is being renovated, disinfected, civilized, Christianized and consequently evacuated. Where a few years ago 6,000 pigtailed and bloused orientals huddled, smoked their pipes, ate their chop suey and met sudden death in glorious fusillades of tong gunmen across the narrow canyons of the yellow triangle, to-day the remnant of 1,000 watch with grudging eyes the advance of Italians from Mulberry street on the west and of Hebrews from the east. Chop suey is giving way to spaghetti and gefuente fish, the spicy odors that formerly pleased the nostrils of the sightseer are now blended with the ruder scent of garlic.

The Mongolians that remain in their old haunts are but shadows of their former selves, sporting spick and span

"hand me downs" instead of the ancient loose blouse and trousers and knobby toed yellow oxfords instead of the quaint soft slipper of old. A few patriarchs retain the blouse and slippers, but they wear them shamefacedly, and you may make the rounds of the triangle all day, ducking through the Chinese arcade that links twisting Doyers street with Mott street by way of variation without seeing a queue. As for joss houses, there are only two or three left, and they won't last long. Altar fires burn low and Kwan Kung, most puissant god of war, was offered to the writer by his manager and groom for the paltry sum of \$5.

Alas for New York without its Chinatown! Alas, too, for the guides whose pockets caught a golden stream from the hands of timid out of town folk only too willing to be scared by "planted" opium dens and painted josses. Little Italy is good enough as a Black Hand centre, but somehow it doesn't do as a shiver maker for the Italian hasn't the mystery of the slant eyed yellow man and lacks the sinister creepy quality which the uninitiated see in even the most harmless Chinese. A Broadway theatrical manager farsighted enough to appreciate the commercial possibilities of the opium den as a shiver maker has been packing his theatre every night; and henceforth for their oriental atmosphere Manhattanites must go to the theatre or to Newark, where there is a lively Chinese settlement.

That part of Mott street formerly the hunting ground of the On Leong Tong has suffered from the inroads of outside races more than any other section of Chinatown, and in the block between Chatham Square and Park street one can now count a dozen stores either vacant or conducted by Italians or



A rare sight in Chinatown—A full blooded Chinese woman.

Hebrews which only last summer showed signboards ideographed with Chinese cognomens. The exodus has been as rapid as if the triangle had been plague infested. Pell and Doyers streets are the last footholds of the Chinese, but even there the alien wedge has entered.

The sociologist seeking the causes of this readjustment of races in the yellow triangle will find much to interest him in the microcosm that is Chinatown. He will find in the first place that the

Italian barber shop at 18 Mott street. Bulletin boards in centre of picture bear edicts of Ching Wah Gung Shah (Chinese Public Chamber).

## Famous District, Renovated and Disinfected, Now Occupied by Hebrews and Italians—Work of the Ching Wah Gung Shah

forces that have changed the complexion of this neighborhood have been twofold, internal and external, and that they have been synchronous in operation.

About the same time that old China began to awake from her sleep of many centuries new China in New York yawned and showed signs of reanimation. The anti-Manchu society which plotted the downfall of the Manchu dynasty in a little coop in the centre of the metropolis influenced the thought of the Chinese colony here. Chinese students from Columbia University began to scrape acquaintance with their brethren of Mott street to instill in them the germs of revolt against the old order.

About this time there reached years of discretion a generation of halfbreed children. These young men and women educated in American public schools had a tremendous influence for the Americanization and modernization of the yellow colony. Furthermore, the fact that the great majority of Chinese in New York were from the progressive province of Canton made them susceptible to the new ideas put into their heads by their children and the students. Thus it was that when Sun Yat-sen was declared President of the republic of China queues disappeared as if by magic in the neighborhood of Chatham Square and the dragon crawling on yellow bunting was supplanted by the five color flag of the new Government.

Gambling was the cause of the tong wars everybody knew, and obviously if the aleatory establishments were closed the smell of gunpowder would become as rare as the smell of French cooking in Chinatown. But how to stop gambling?

The police tried it and failed. The District Attorney, the Judges, the

churches and Dr. Parkhurst tried it and failed. Then the police tried again. The rookeries of Mott and Pell streets were raided with much smashing of doors and furniture, and the Chinese theatre on Doyers street, where sudden death in the audience was more frequent than on the stage, was converted into a mission. Still the gow and fan tan continued to be the principal sports of Chinatown, with revolver practice in the streets as their inevitable sequel.

Then suddenly it all stopped. Members of the On Leong lolled in Pell street and Hip Sings paraded in the precinct of their ancient rivals without resultant bloodshed. The news leaked out that the tongs had signed a treaty of peace.

Of course the police, the District Attorney's office and the other agencies that had been fighting gambling all claimed the credit for the cessation of hostilities, and most of them deserved a share of it. But the real force behind the peace movement was the Ching Wah Gung Shah, or Chinese Public Chamber, an organization of the business men of Chinatown whose word is law when the decrees of the Chinese Government are torn from the walls of the consulate and the laws of the American people are derided even by almond eyedurchins.

The Ching Wah Gung Shah announced that gambling and tong fights were hurting business and must stop, and thereupon gaming dens were closed and revolvers were thrown away.

Americans have nothing like the Ching Wah Gung Shah. It can be likened to the Inquisition in power, but its justice is tempered with mercy. It is the real governing body of Chinatown, and its executive committee meets every Saturday night in an ornate high

ceilinged room at the end of four flights of shabby stairs at 16 Mott street and adjudicates all manner of disputes between Chinamen that would otherwise go to the white man's courts or be settled in primitive hand to hand fashion.

When the Ching Wah Gung Shah stopped gambling and declared peace among the tongs it did not realize that it was decreeing the end of Chinatown. But that is what it did. What is there in life for a young Chinese blood if he can't be allowed to flirt with fortune and defy death? Swiftly the younger element sought new fields, leaving only the old merchants, whose vested interests kept them anchored. But customers becoming scarce, profits fell off and soon the merchants began to leave also.

With gunning stopped the tongs are now merely social organizations, and as such can't compete in popularity with the Chinese Freemasons and other bona fide social clubs. The clubhouse of one branch of the Chinese Freemasons, at 18 Pell street, might easily pass as the clubhouse of the Masons of Keokuk, Ia., or of Wenatchee, Wash., so far as the appearance of the interior is concerned. The benign countenance of Woodrow Wilson gazes from a lacquered frame on one wall of the clubhouse across at a chromo entitled "Benjamin Franklin Opening the Leda."

While Chinatown passes the Chinaman is coming into his own elsewhere, on Long Island, where he cultivates the exotic vegetables which his people like in Harlem, where he conducts laundries galore and other small businesses, and on Fifth avenue, where he reaps a profit from the sale of Chinese general goods and knickknacks. Chinatown has been annexed by the United States and the Chinaman here has been Americanized.

# ANCIENT TEMPLE OF JAGUARS TO FORM ENTRANCE TO MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Columbus Avenue Entry Will Be Replica of Place of Worship That May Have Been Built 4,000 Years Ago

THE ancient Temple of the Jaguars in Yucatan is to be reproduced in New York as a result of the successful termination of the task undertaken by Edward H. Thompson of Cambridge, Mass. Commissioned by the American Museum of Natural History to make moulds of the ruins, Mr. Thompson overcame many difficulties, and as a result the Columbus avenue entrance to the new extension of the museum will be a replica of a temple that may have been built as far back as 4,000 years ago.

The temple is 274 feet long by 30 feet high and 30 feet wide. It is in the ruined city of Chichen Itza, one of the largest and most important of the prehistoric settlements of the Yucatan peninsula. Of the hundreds of buildings that composed the city but eight still stand. Of these the Temple of the Jaguars is the most conspicuous. The moulds, pictures and plans of the temple secured by Mr. Thompson are now stored in this city.

The temple got its name from the frieze of jaguars which, alternating with shields, once extended around the walls. Much of the frieze has fallen off, but enough remains to give the pattern and indicate to the archaeologists the dimensions and decorations of the building. In writing about the difficult work he had in making the moulds Mr. Thompson says:

"When I arrived at the city of Chichen Itza the entire front of the beautiful structure, as chaste and artistic in its own way as the temples of Greece and Rome, had fallen. Fractured and wrenched apart by the growing tree roots, the overweight of the heavily ornamented facade caused the whole mass to fall outward and, turning upon the two serpent columns as upon gigantic pivots, to be tossed nearly clear

of the temple platform, crashing down on the hard, level space of the ceremonial court, fully thirty feet beneath.

"This facade with its beautiful frieze of carved stone figures, graceful meanders and noble proportions it is hoped to reproduce in as nearly as possible its pristine state. It is an undertaking much in line with the desires of the late John La Farge, who with me had long felt the wisdom of incorporating in some definite way the ideals and fruits of these ancient, distinctively American architects into what is fast becoming our own modern distinctively American architecture.

"The greater portion of this facade lay in a huge mass of masonry, broken stone and lime. The commingled mass had become compacted by rain and percolation and time pressure so a cement-like hardness over this had accumulated a blanket of vegetable mould and forest had grown as big as those of a forest primeval. Their rotting trunks were still visible and their myriad roots yet bound the stone masses as if with bands of iron.

"The work commenced by the clearing off of all the superficial accumulation and debris upon the front platform of the temple. In so doing we came upon mementoes of earlier workers in the field. A long, narrow break in the floor evidenced the trench that the tireless student Dr. August Le Plongeon dug when he interred the fourteen Atlantean figures to keep them safe from vandal hands.

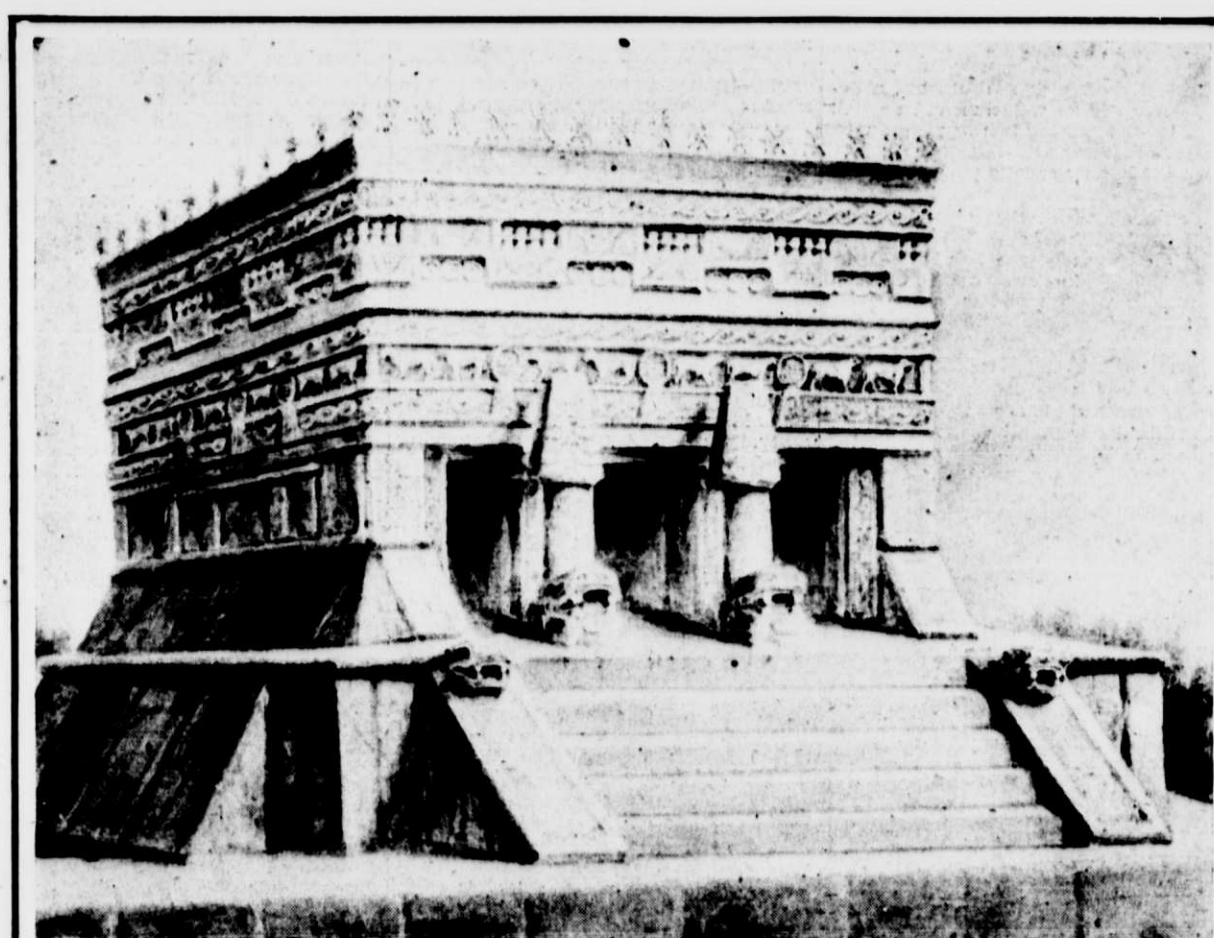
"An empty marmalade can was the souvenir left by A. P. Maudslayi, now president of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, and I was almost ready to affirm that it was the same can that I helped him empty nearly a quarter of a century before. A daintily marked crystal flask that once held citrate of iron could only have been the property of Miss Adele Breton, the artist student whose copy of the mural paintings within the inner chamber of this temple are as beautiful as they are exact.

"With the clearing off of all this

ing. Beyond each of these stone plates, which are inclined at the same angle as the stairway, are recess walls slightly inclining from the vertical inward toward the temple. The wall on the left looking from the temple entrance is still in place, although portions of the handsome stone slabs are missing. But of those on the right only the terminal post is visible, and that is mutilated and prostrate. Probably the fall of the facade mass pushed the stones from

their places and broke them into unrecognizable fragments.

"It was during the excavations of this mass of accumulations upon the front platform of the temple that we came upon evidence of the fact that the two beautifully carved stone serpent heads, found later in the fallen masses below, when in their places rested one on each side of the stairway and directly over the paneled and carved stone plates. The symbol of the feathered serpent



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Jaguar Temple.

Edward H. Thompson Describes the Difficulties of Making Archaeological Research Amid the Ruins of a Prehistoric City in Yucatan

seems to have been to the New World races what the cross was to the Old World.

"The work of making the paper moulds of the carved stone sections still in place on the temple platforms and those still in place on the north facade was attended with some danger and much difficulty, but great interest. The highest line of carved stone still in position was fully fifty feet above the level of the general terrace. From the temple base on the level of the mole platform large and heavy poles were bound together, as the natives well know how to do, while strong ropes held them upright and fast and so permitted the framework of the scaffolding made of smaller poles to be erected.

"On this moving, shaking, yet perfectly safe scaffolding of poles, with not a nail or spike in the whole structure, we worked and made the moulds. The element of real danger was furnished by the disintegrating wall material and the loose stone of the grouting, which constantly threatened to fall on the workers.

"Once we had the work on the northern facade all done. Nothing remained but for the hot sun to do its part in drying and hardening the plastic paper surface. Even while we were looking at it with tired backs, but satisfied hearts black cloud heads appeared in the East. They rose rapidly and hid the sun. We at once put the tarpaulins over the moulded surfaces, fixing them in place by the iron force hooks, spreading clips and screws especially made for the purpose.

"No use! For when the strong wind came it whipped the tarpaulins aloft, torn and split like so many handkerchiefs, while the drying paper moulds, once lying so smoothly and trim on the carved stone surfaces, were scattered far and wide, wide as bits of paper over the tree tops.

"The work was once more completed and this time nature was in a more dejected mood. The sun did its work even as we did ours and in the proper time the moulds, duly prepared and rendered proof against moisture by varnishing,

were packed and so made safe against all ordinary dangers and mishaps.

"Making the moulds with the temperature at 130 in the sun and no shade available is not precisely a recreation, but all things that have a beginning have an end as well, and in time, in spite of the obstacles seen and unseen, the undertaking was completed and the final processes of trimming, binding and waterproofing the paper moulds commenced. Then the trunk of pasac wood, that had been cut in the forest and drying for months, was sawn into inch boards and made up into strong wooden cases, according to the measure of the various mould sections. Large quantities of xkuso grass, a very fine packing grass, had been cut, cured and stored, and with this the heavy plaster moulds were packed so carefully and so securely that it seemed as if they could defy the efforts of the most reckless baggage smasher and freight wrecker.

"Careful cartage over the rougher roads and careful handling and personal supervision at the point of progress, made more than probable the safe arrival of the twenty-seven cases containing all the moulds in paper and plaster to the store room of the museum, where they now lie in disposition de Vd. rat your disposal.

Overburdened With Love  
"YOU must learn to love God more than you love to papa or to anybody in the whole world." Mamma was instructing her son in his Sunday school lesson, and son was the Second Commandment. But son was already in the throes of his first love affair, the object of which was the daughter of the next door neighbor, sprightly little Lucy Johnson.  
"But I don't know God like I know papa, and it's hard work to love some one I have never met." was an unexpected comeback of little Charles.  
"Besides, I love papa so much and you so much and Lucy Johnson so much more than all the rest that I'm bursting with love, and I haven't any room left to love God in."